
BOB DYLAN
DESIRE

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SONGS OF REDEMPTION

Hurricane, the only innocent Hurricane, protest song: Pro (in favor) — Attest (testify for) the character case of Boxer Mr. Carter framed on bum rap Passaic County N.J. whom Dylan minstrel visited in jail. Doctor Poet W.C. Williams dying nearby said "A new world is only a new mind," & spent life redeeming pure North Jersey language so later poets could sing "tough iron metal" talk rhymes

"They want to put his ass in stir
They want to pin this triple mur-
der on him
...He coulda been the champion of the
wooorld —"

& end plain as day

"...Shame!
to live in a land where Justice is a game!"

so every Paterson kid will know News furthermore that

"Rubin sits like Buddha in a 10 foot cell." Big daily Announcement, song'll hit streets Supreme Courts'll have coughed & weeped, Rubin Carter sprung pray God if there's One in America — familiar harmonica pierces ears that just heard about

"criminals in their coats & their ties..."

Old Bards & Minstrels rhymed their years' news on pilgrimage road — Visitations town to town singing Kings' shepherds' cow boys' & lawyers' secrets — Good Citizen Minstrel truth's instantaneously heard. Big Sound in conscious generations. Local newsboy-prophet song echoes old youthful idealistic William ZanZinger poem, amplified alive, 1975. Dead protest? Woody Guthrie lineage road bards'll still make us weep where there's suffering to be sung.

Dylan's Redemption Songs! If he can do it we can do it. America can do it. "It's all right Ma I can make it." Yes! with tough gold metal compassion, he's giving away Gold again — but remember, good Anarchists, "To live outside the Law you must be honest." Drunken aggressive beer bottles'll never redeem anybody — But clear conscious song can, every syllable pronounced, every consonant sneered out with lips risen over teeth to pronounce them exactly to a T in microphone, snarled out NOT for bummer ego put-down but instead for egoless enunciation of exact phrasings so everyone can hear intelligence — which is only your own heart Dear.

Isis here recorded, the singer later developed onstage sung for weeks whiteface, big grey hat stuck with November leaves & flowers — no instrument in hand, thin Chaplinesque body dancing to syllables sustained by Rolling Thunder band rhythm following Dylan's spontaneous ritards & talk-like mouthings for clarity, "It's only natchural." So you can hear it! With two-part dialogue! Big discovery, these songs are the culmination of Poetry-music as dreamt of in the '50s & early '60s — poets reciting-chanting with instruments and bongos — Steady rhythm behind the elastic language, poet alone at microphone reciting-singing surreal-history love text ending in giant "YEAH!" when minstrel gives his heart away & says he wants to stay. Dylan will stay here with us! "You may not see me tomorrow." So he now lets loose his long-vowel yowls & yawps over smalltowns' antennaed rooftops. To Isis Moon Lady Language Creator Birth Goddess. Mother of Ra, Saraswati & Kali-Ma too. Hecate, Ea, Astarte, Sophia & Aphrodite, Divine Mother.

Oh Sister, who's he talking about? Eternal sister? Good citizen sisters, he's still tender friend — lost alone loved like a thin terrified guru by every seeker in America who's heard that long-vowelled voice in heroic ecstasy triumphant, "How does it feel?" And now come down from that Mountain of Sound, singing like a Biblical mortal"

"Oh sister am I not a brother to you
And one deserving of affection?
And is our purpose not the same on this Earth
To love and follow his direction?

. . . .

We grew up together from the cradle to
the grave

. . . .

Time is an ocean but it ends at the shore,
You may not see me tomorrow."

Follows the first City Narrative, solid facts beating foreward with drums & violins — like a jagged short story, ballad sung by hero making hero of unlikely sensitive gangster Gallo, hard iron metal Villonesque stoicism & sympathy, with long lamenting refrain over name anonymous in 25 years Joey, with dialogue movie panoramic cold suns over Brooklyn — and your inside news the papers didn't interpret for the murdered outlaw.

Black Diamond Bay's also a short novel in verse, oldfashioned Dylan surrealist mind-jump inventions line by line, except D. says he's reading Joseph Conrad storyteller, so hear continuous succession of Panama Hat Necktie details, exploding boilers & characters disappearing in tornados — Suddenly a big dissolve & you're sitting with minstrel Dylan in L.A. household watching the same poem Cronkited on TV news: bard sings the awful movie where everybody loses & what can you say? My father age 80 also bowed his head & said, "What can you do?" under his breath. Interesting, this long real-life spy hallucination tale opening the mind — suddenly put back into the Samsara tube with a cynic lament, its hopelessness — the condition of World on its own bummer, not ours or Dylan's — we're only 25% responsible the Crazy Wisdom Lama says.

By the time Dylan'd made the great disillusioned national rhyme Idiot Wind

"...Blowing like a circle round your skull
From the Grand Coulee Dam to the Capitol..."

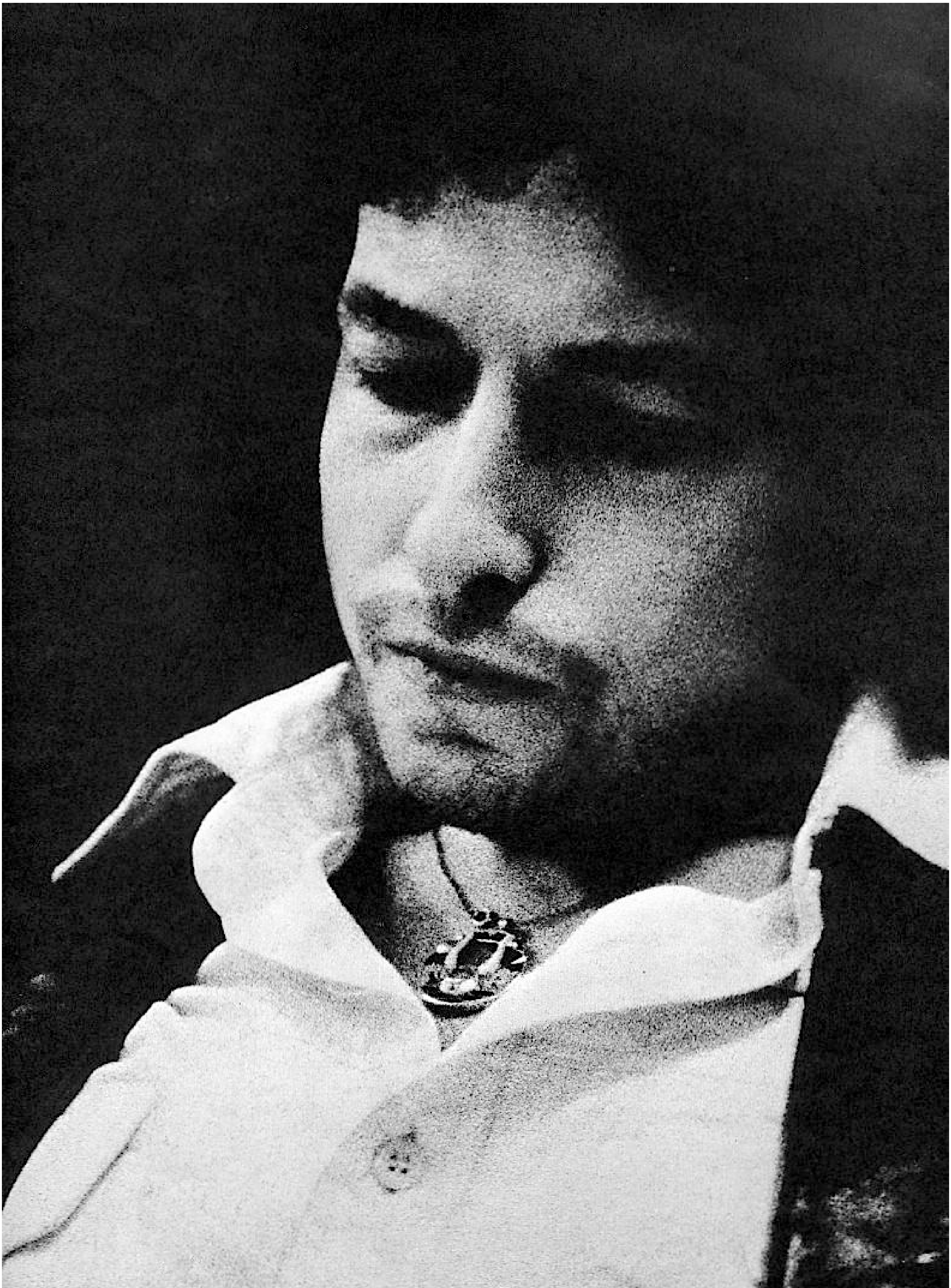
he must've been ready for another great surge of unafraid prophetic feeling — odd weeks seeking community he'd gone back to Other End Bleeker Street music house & jammed & drunk with ancient friend song improvisor Bob Neuwirth & also anonymous genius street studio guitarists drummers violin prodigies Rob Stoner, Howie Wyeth & Botticelli-faced little David Mansfield from New Jersey — stopped his red car in East Village for ravenhaired Scarlet Rivera walking with her violin case — giant adolescent T-Bone Burnett materialized from Texas, Steven Soles from Blues New York — Half-month was spent solitary on Long Island with theatrist Jacques Levy working on song facts phrases & rhymes, sharing information seriousness — Lots of high rhythmic art, like the fast Mexican 11 syllables beginning Durango "Hot Chili Peppers in the blistering sun" masterpieces emerged — Song become conscious poetry, the best you can say in total rhythm, allowing for your speech to fall like your mother's radiotalk, allowing for the singer to open his whole body for Inspiration to breathe out a long mad vowel to nail down the word into everyone's heart — That's where you get the funny syncopation — waiting to pronounce the line just right as the music marches by, free, hopeless, jumping in and out the fatal chords, "We may not make it through the night."

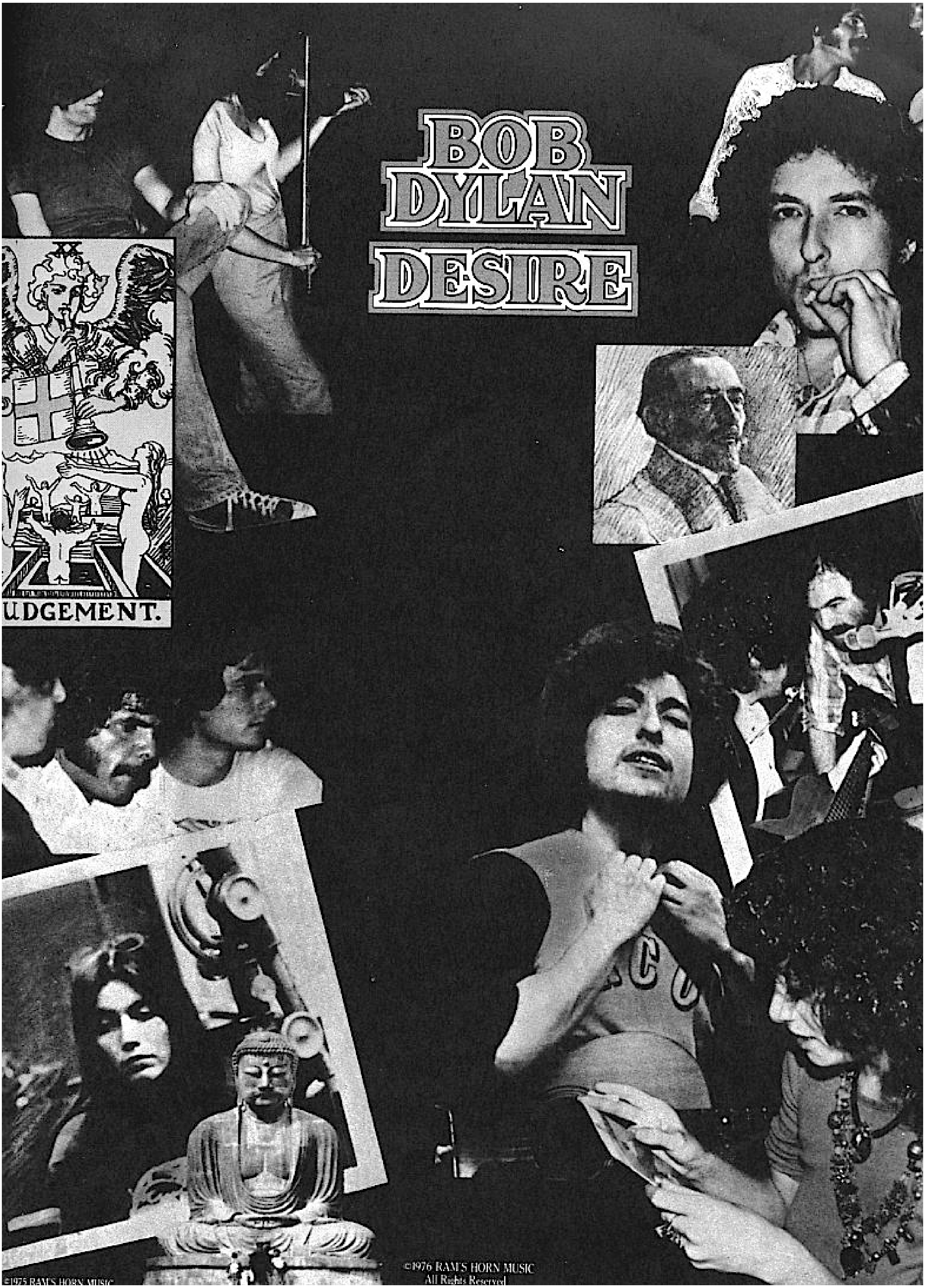
"But he's still like an electric bullet," the Buddhist boy said, where's the great slowdown tenderness where everyone knows where Dylan's at under his minstrel Hat? Two songs his own heart-life sings alone, total, One More Cup of Coffee for the Road — voice lifts in Hebraic cantillation never heard before in U.S. song, ancient blood singing — a new age, a new Dylan again redeemed, at ease — A little bit like America now, not paranoid any more, it's the real Seventies — (every generation-decade flowers in the middle, Poetry Renaissance 1955, Peace Vietnam Berkeley 1965) — for now the congregation of poets sings across the land with new old soul-joy, shit burned out, ego recognized & allow'd its place, pleasure-lust put aside with suicidal pain, heart stilled & singing clear, cantillating like synagogue cantor, "fore I go down to the Valley below."

How far has he gone? All the way from scared solitude inner prophetics — building on that mind-honesty strangeness — to openhearted personal historical confession. As Coffee for Road's Semitic mode, Sara, is profound ancient tune revealing family paradigm — telling Wife & World the last secrets of solitary weeping art:

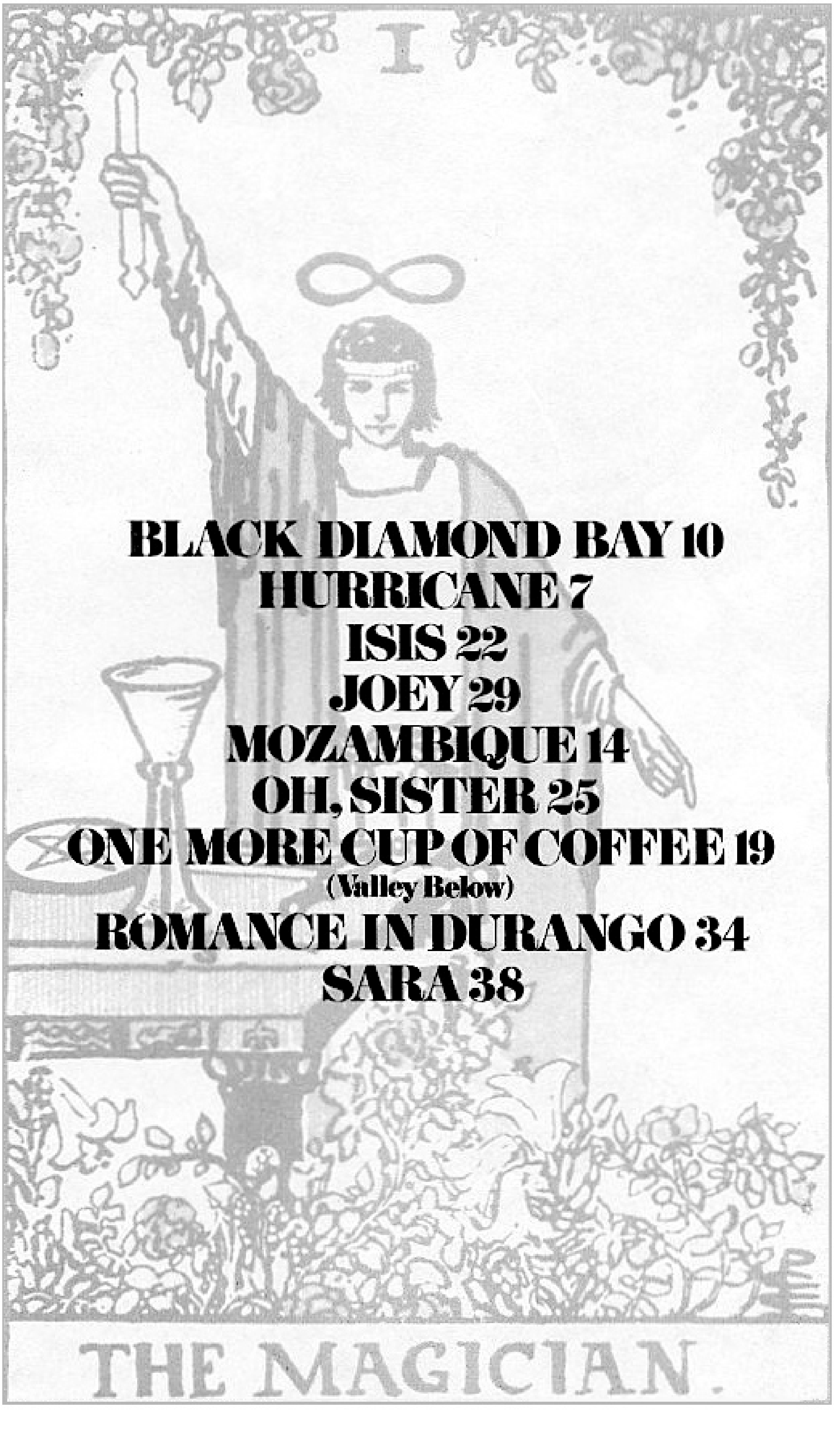
"Staying up for days in the Chelsea Hotel
Writing Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowland for you" Who woulda thought he'd say it, so everybody'd finally know him, same soul crying vulnerable caught in a body we all are? — enough Person revealed to make Whitman's whole nation weep. And behind it all the vast lone space of No God, or God, mindful conscious compassion, lifetime awareness, we're here in America at last, redeemed. O Generation, keep on working!

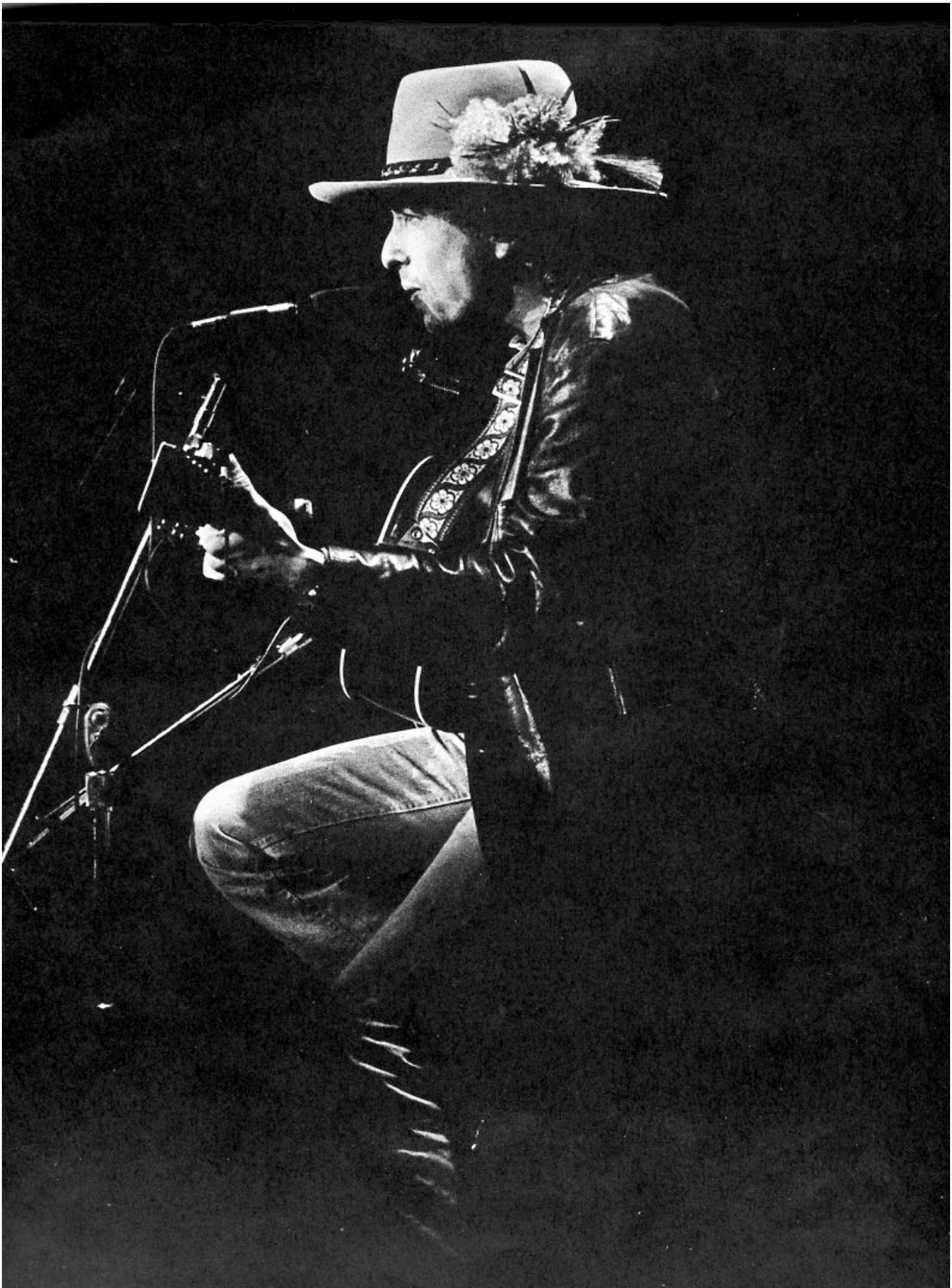
Allen Ginsberg
Co-Director
Jack Kerouac
School
of Disembodied
Poetics,
Naropa Institute
York Harbor, Maine
10 November
1975





BOB DYLAN
DESIRE
XX
UDGEMENT.
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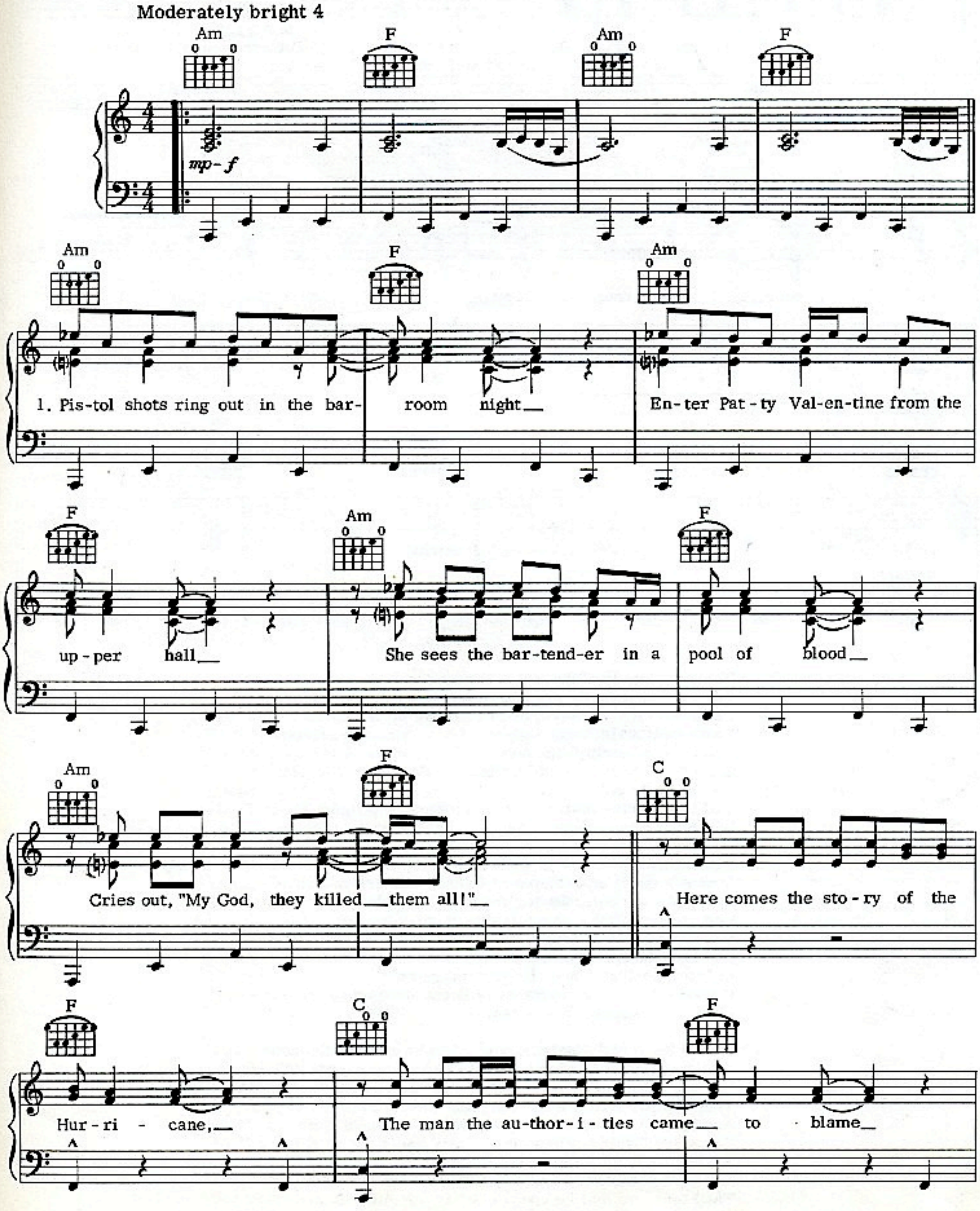

I
THE MAGICIAN.

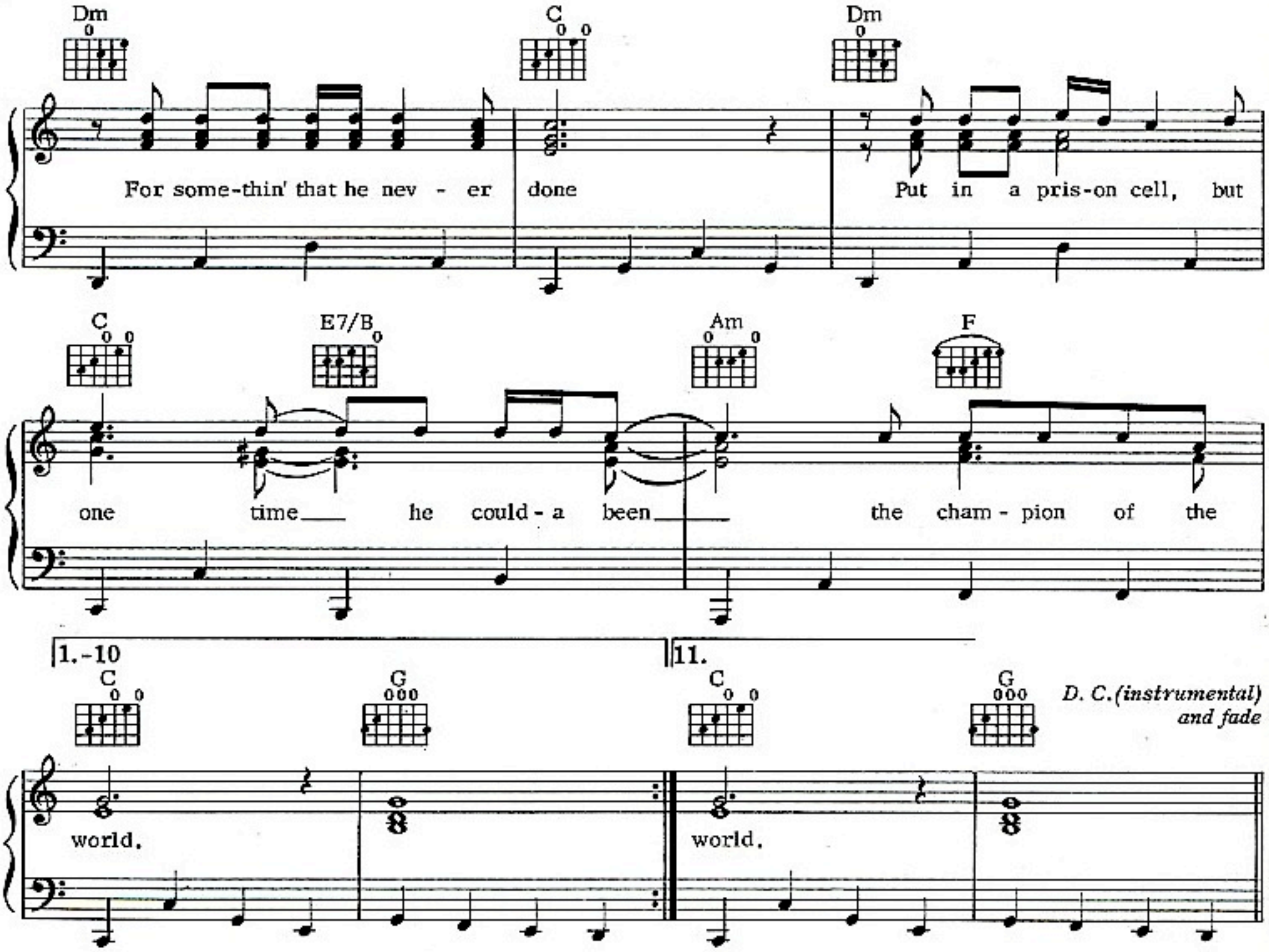


HURRICANE

Words by BOB DYLAN and JACQUES LEVY

Music by BOB DYLAN





2. Three bodies lyin' there does Patty see
And another man named Bello, movin' around mysteriously
"I didn't do it," he says, and he throws up his hands
"I was only robbin' the register, I hope you understand
I saw them leavin," he says, and he stops
"One of us had better call up the cops"
And so Patty calls the cops
And they arrive on the scene with their red lights flashin'
In the hot New Jersey night

3. Meanwhile, far away in another part of town
Rubin Carter and a couple of friends are drivin' around
Number one contender for the middleweight crown
Had no idea what kinda shit was about to go down
When a cop pulled him over to the side of the road
Just like the time before and the time before that
In Paterson that's just the way things go
If you're black you might as well not show up on the street
'Less you wanta draw the heat

4. Alfred Bello had a partner and he had a rap for the cops
Him and Arthur Dexter Bradley were just out prowlin' around
He said, "I saw two men runnin' out, they looked like middleweights
They jumped into a white car with out-of-state plates"
And Miss Patty Valentine just nodded her head
Cop said, "Wait a minute boys, this one's not dead"
So they took him to the infirmary
And though this man could hardly see
They told him that he could identify the guilty men

5. Four in the mornin' and they haul Rubin in
Take him to the hospital and they bring him upstairs
The wounded man looks up through his one dyin' eye
Says, "Wha'd you bring him in here for? He ain't the guy!"
Yes, here's the story of the Hurricane
The man the authorities came to blame
For somethin' that he never done
Put in a prison cell, but one time he coulda been
The champion of the world

6. Four months later, the ghettoes are in flame
Rubin's in South America, fightin' for his name
While Arthur Dexter Bradley's still in the robbery game
And the cops are puttin' the screws to him, lookin' for somebody to blame
"Remember that murder that happened in a bar?"
"Remember you said you saw the getaway car?"
"You think you'd like to play ball with the law?"
"Think it mighta been that fighter that you saw runnin' that night?"
"Don't forget that you are white"

7. Arthur Dexter Bradley said, "I'm really not sure"
Cops said, "A poor boy like you could use a break
We got you for the motel job and we're talkin' to your friend Bello
Now you don't wanta have to go back to jail, be a nice fellow
You'll be doin' society a favor
That sonofabitch is brave and gettin' braver
We want to put his ass in stir
We want to pin this triple murder on him
He ain't no Gentleman Jim"

8. Rubin could take a man out with just one punch
But he never did like to talk about it all that much
It's my work, he'd say, and I do it for pay
And when it's over I'd just as soon go on my way
Up to some paradise
Where the trout streams flow and the air is nice
And ride a horse along a trail
But then they took him to the jail house
Where they try to turn a man into a mouse

9. All of Rubin's cards were marked in advance
The trial was a pig-circus, he never had a chance
The judge made Rubin's witnesses drunkards from the slums
To the white folks who watched he was a revolutionary bum
And to the black folks he was just a crazy nigger
No one doubted that he pulled the trigger
And though they could not produce the gun
The D.A. said he was the one who did the deed
And the all-white jury agreed

10. Rubin Carter was falsely tried
The crime was murder "one", guess who testified?
Bello and Bradley and they both baldly lied
And the newspapers, they all went along for the ride
How can the life of such a man
Be in the palm of some fool's hand?
To see him obviously framed
Couldn't help but make me feel ashamed to live in a land
Where justice is a game

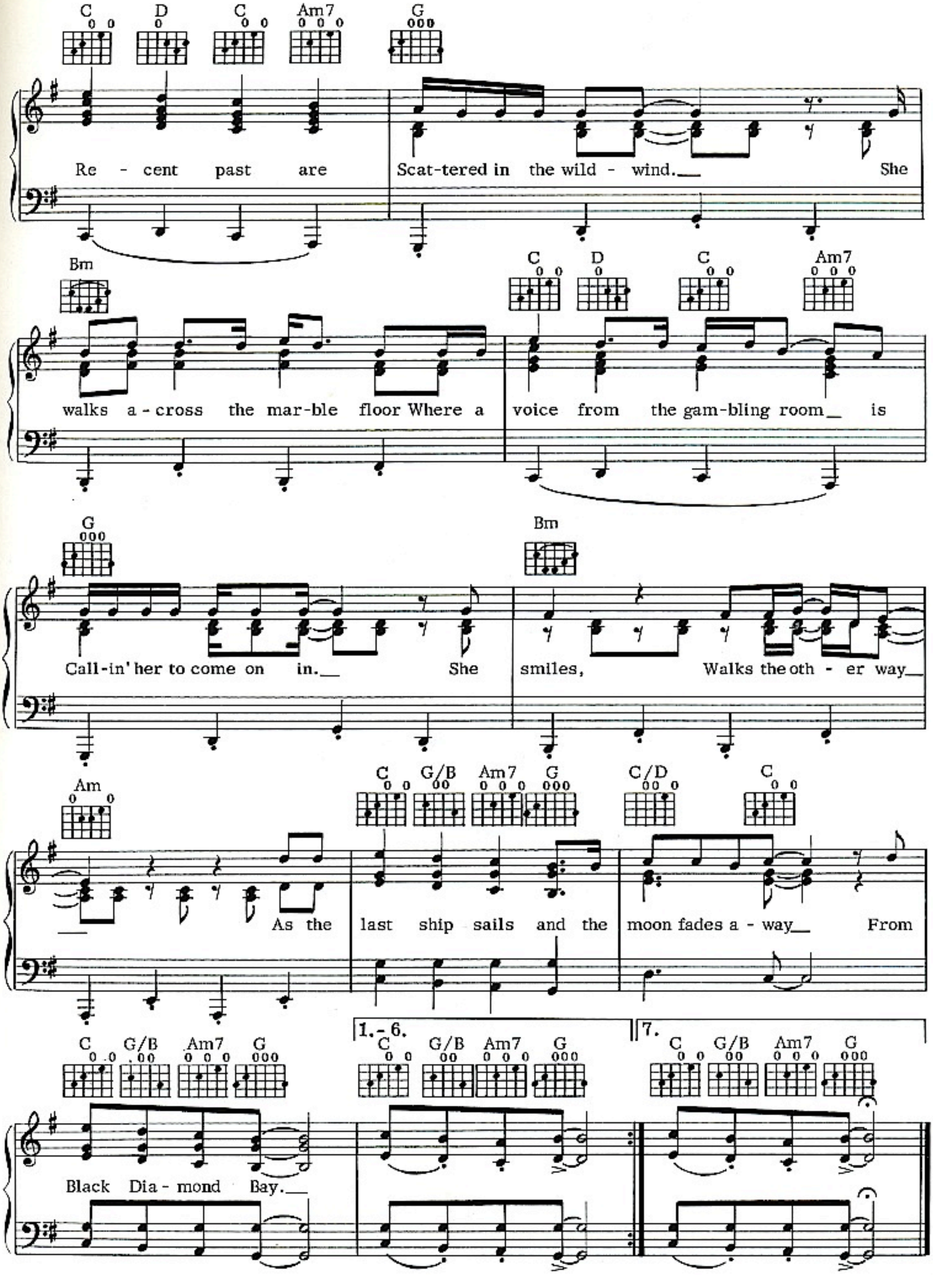
11. Now all the criminals in their coats and their ties
Are free to drink martinis and watch the sun rise
While Rubin sits like Buddha in a ten-foot cell
An innocent man in a living hell
That's the story of the Hurricane
But it won't be over till they clear his name
And give him back the time he's done
Put in a prison cell, but one time he coulda been
The champion of the world

BLACK DIAMOND BAY

Words by BOB DYLAN and JACQUES LEVY

Music by BOB DYLAN




C D C Am7 G
Re - cent past are Scat-tered in the wild - wind.__ She
Bm C D C Am7
walks a - cross the mar-ble floor Where a voice from the gam-bling room__ is
G Bm
Call-in' her to come on in.__ She smiles, Walks the oth - er way__
Am C G/B Am7 G C/D C
__ As the last ship sails and the moon fades a - way__ From
C G/B Am7 G
Black Dia - mond Bay.__
1.-6.
C G/B Am7 G
7.
C G/B Am7 G

2. As the mornin' light breaks open
The Greek comes down and he asks for a rope and a
Pen that will write
"Pardon, Monsieur," the desk clerk says
Carefully removes his fez
"Am I hearin' you right?"
And as the yellow fog is liftin'
The Greek is quickly
Headin' for the second floor
She passes him on the spiral staircase
Thinkin' he's the
Soviet Ambassador
She starts to speak
But he walks away
As the storm clouds rise and the palm branches sway
On Black Diamond Bay.

3. A soldier sits beneath the fan
Doin' business with a tiny man who
Sells him a ring
Lightning strikes, the lights blow out
The desk clerk wakes and begins to shout
"Can you see anything?"
Then the Greek appears on the second floor
In his bare feet with a
Rope around his neck
While a loser in the gambling room
Lights up a candle, says
"Open up another deck"
But the dealer says
"Attendez-vous, s'il vous plait"
As the rain beats down and the cranes fly away
From Black Diamond Bay.

4. The desk clerk heard the woman laugh
As he looked around in the aftermath
And the soldier got tough
He tried to grab the woman's hand
Said, "Here's a ring, it cost a grand." She said
"That ain't enough"
Then she ran upstairs to pack her bags
While a horse-drawn taxi
Waited at the curb
She passed the door that the Greek had locked
Where a hand-written sign read
"Do Not Disturb"
She knocked upon it anyway
As the sun went down and the music did play
On Black Diamond Bay.

5. "I've got to talk to someone quick!"
But the Greek said, "Go away," and he kicked the
Chair to the floor
He hung there from the chandelier
She cried, "Help, there's danger near, please
Open up the door!"
Then the volcano erupted
And the lava flowed down
From the mountain high above
The soldier and the tiny man
Were crouched in the corner
Thinking of forbidden love
But the desk clerk said
"It happens every day"
As the stars fell down and the fields burned away
On Black Diamond Bay.

6. As the island slowly sank
The loser finally broke the bank
In the gambling room
The dealer said
"It's too late now
You can take your money
But I don't know how you'll
Spend it in the tomb"
The tiny man bit the soldier's ear
As the floor caved in and
The boiler in the basement blew
While she's out on the balcony
Where a stranger tells her
"My darling, je vous aime beaucoup"
She sheds a tear and then begins to pray
As the fire burns on and the smoke drifts away
From Black Diamond Bay.

7. I was sittin' home alone one night
In L. A. watchin' old Cronkite on the
Seven o'clock news
It seems there was an earthquake that
Left nothin' but a Panama hat
And a pair of old Greek shoes
Didn't seem like much was happenin'
So I turned it off and
Went to grab another beer
Seems like every time you turn around
There's another hard luck
Story that you're gonna hear
And there's really nothin'
Anyone can say
And I never did plan to go anyway
To Black Diamond Bay.

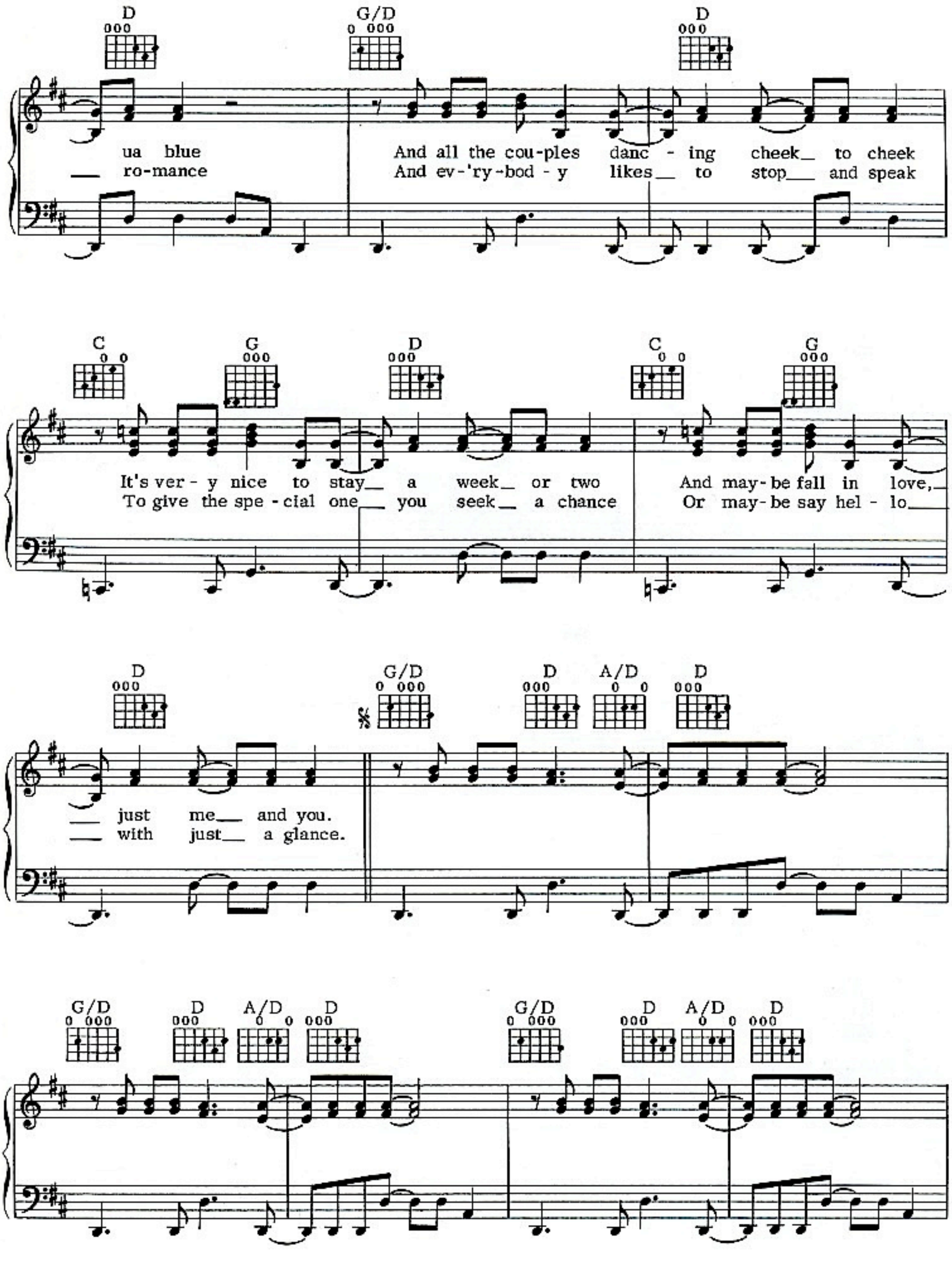
MOZAMBIQUE

Words by BOB DYLAN and JACQUES LEVY

Music by BOB DYLAN



* Guitarists tune lowest string down to D.


D
G/D
D
ua blue
ro-mance
And all the cou-ples danc - ing cheek to cheek
And ev-'ry-bod - y likes to stop and speak
C
G
D
C
G
It's ver - y nice to stay a week or two
To give the spe - cial one you seek a chance
And may-be fall in love,
Or may-be say hel - lo
D
G/D
D
A/D
D
just me and you.
with just a glance.
G/D
D
A/D
D
G/D
D
A/D
D

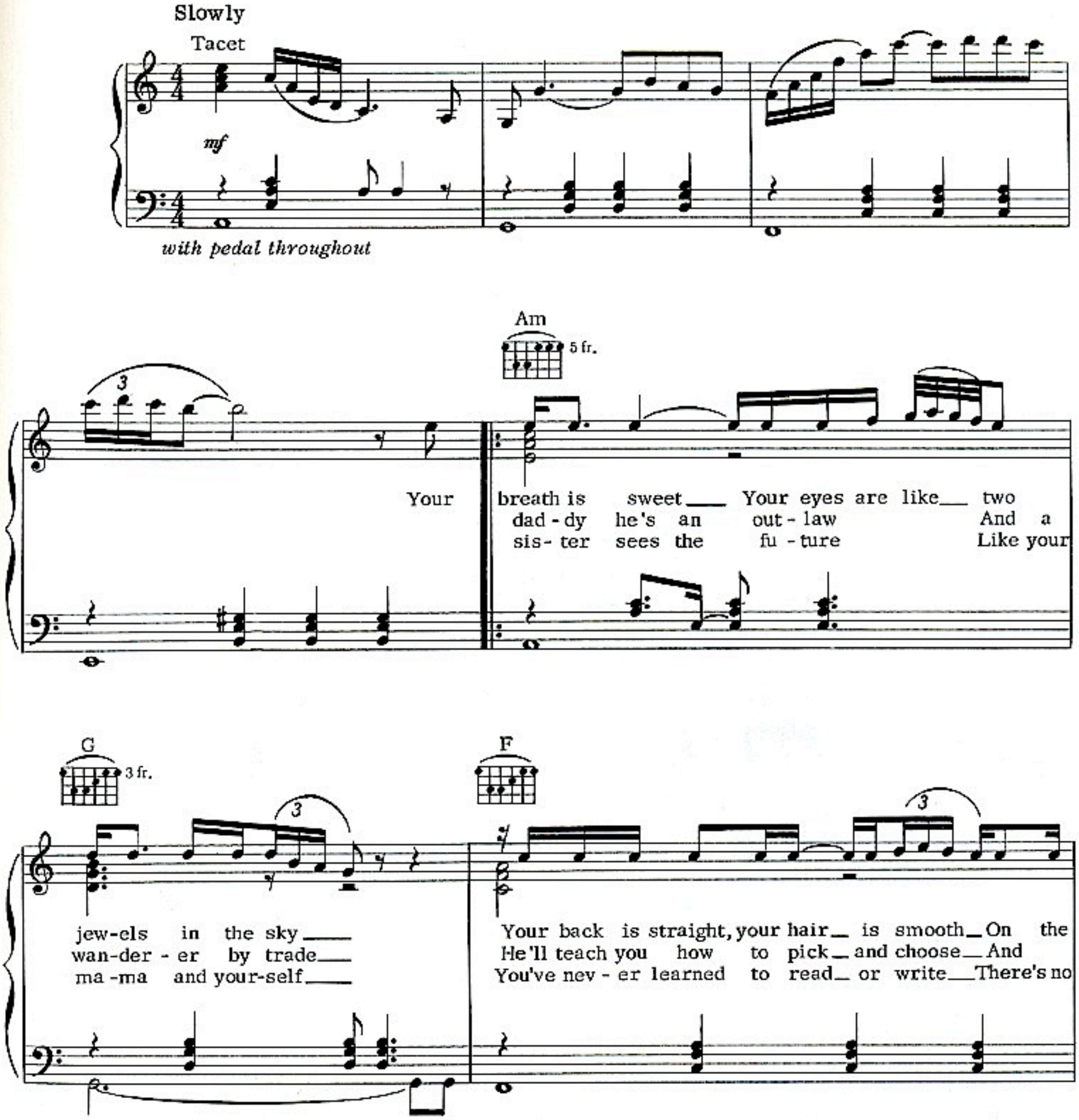

C G D C G D
Bm F#m Em7 D
Ly-ing next to her by the o - cean
Reach-ing out and touch-ing her hand
Bm F#m
Whis-per-ing your se-cret e - mo - tion
G A
Mag-ic in a mag - i - cal land.

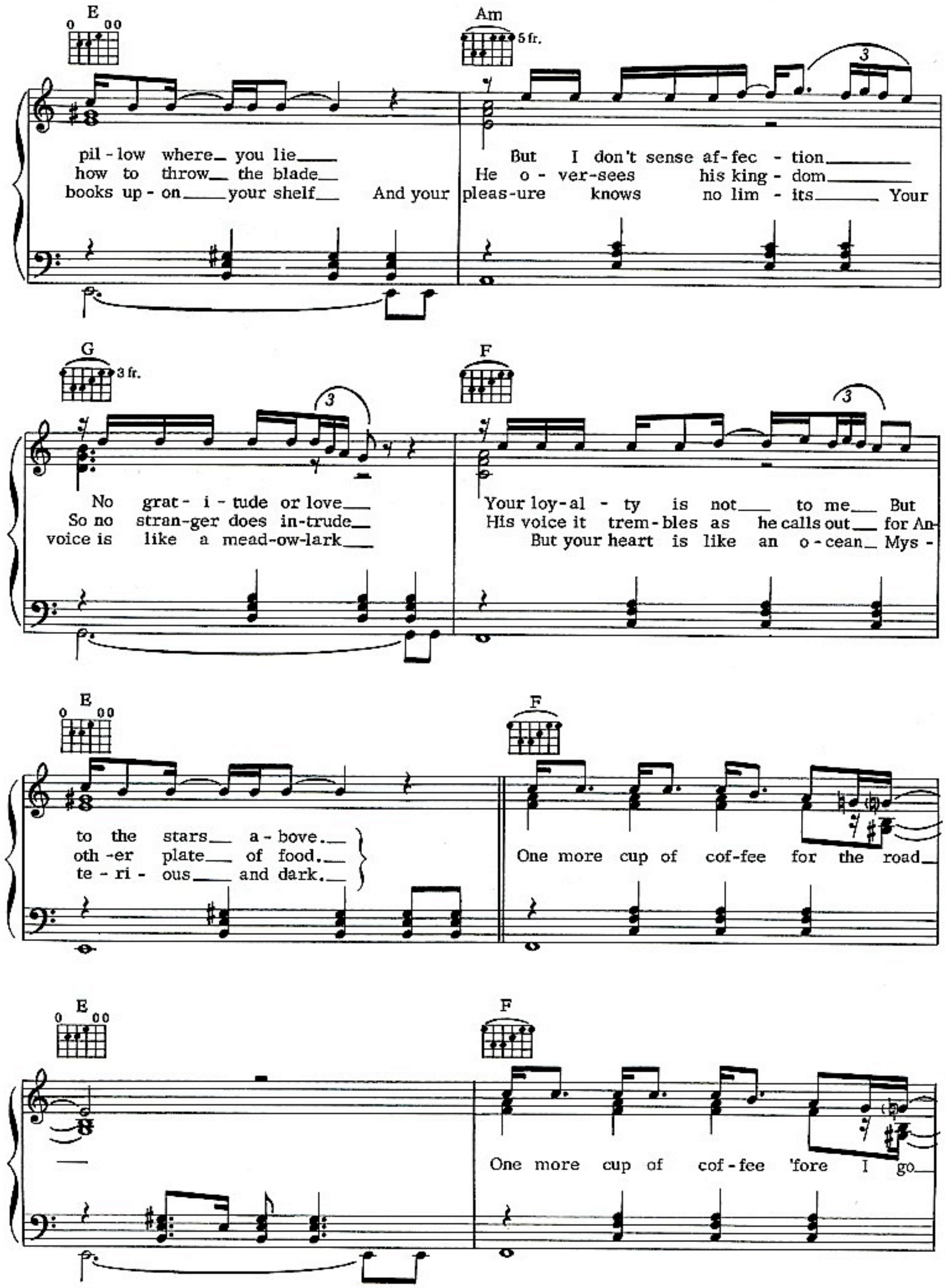

G/D D G/D
And when it's time for leav - ing Mo - zam - bique
To say good - bye to sand
D G/D D
and sea
You turn a - round to take a fi - nal peek
C G D C G
And you see why it's so u - nique to be
A - mong the love - ly peo -
D C G D
ple liv - ing free
Up - on the beach of sun - ny Mo - zam - bique.
D. S. 𝄋 and fad

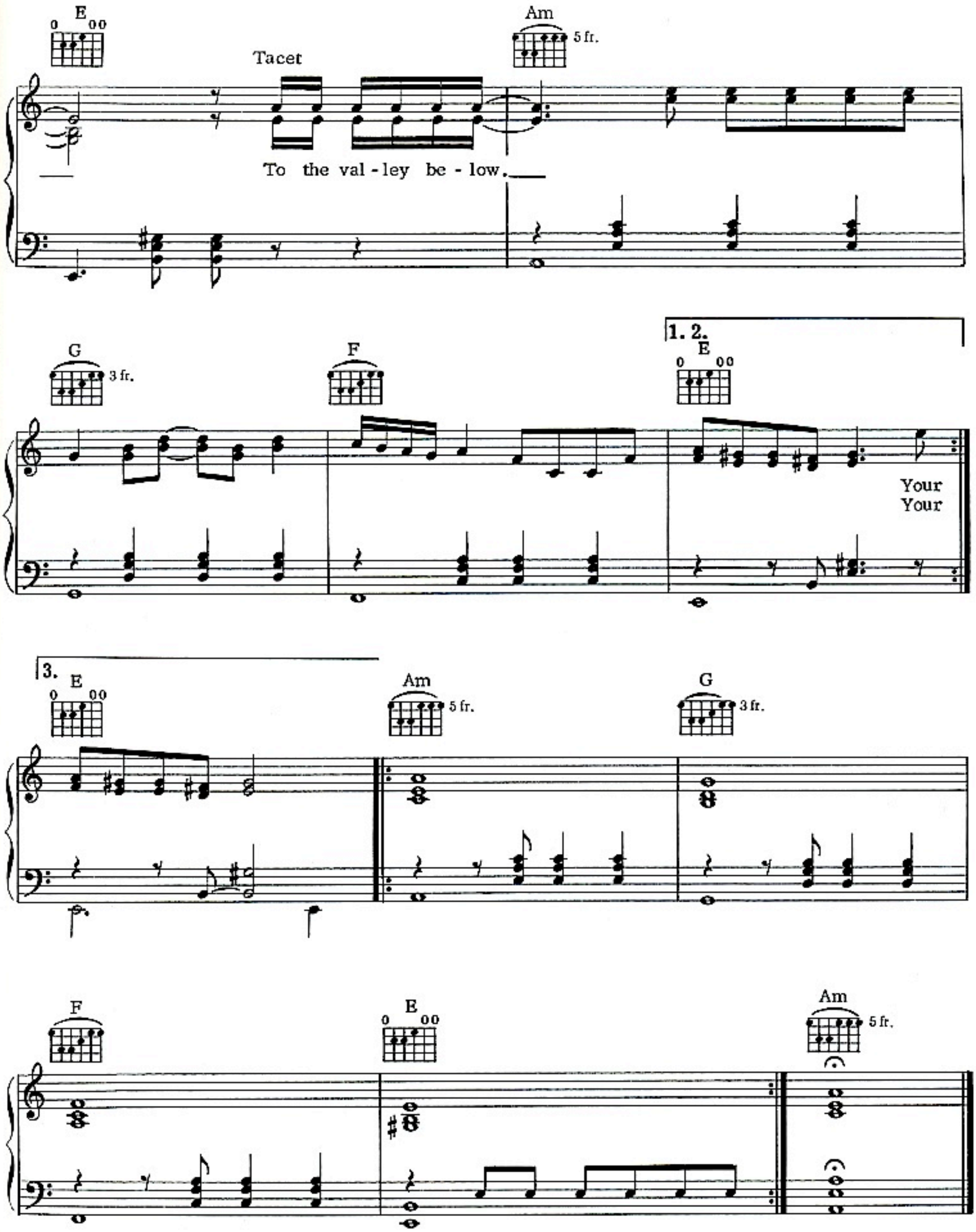


ONE MORE CUP OF COFFEE
(Valley Below)

Words and Music by BOB DYLAN



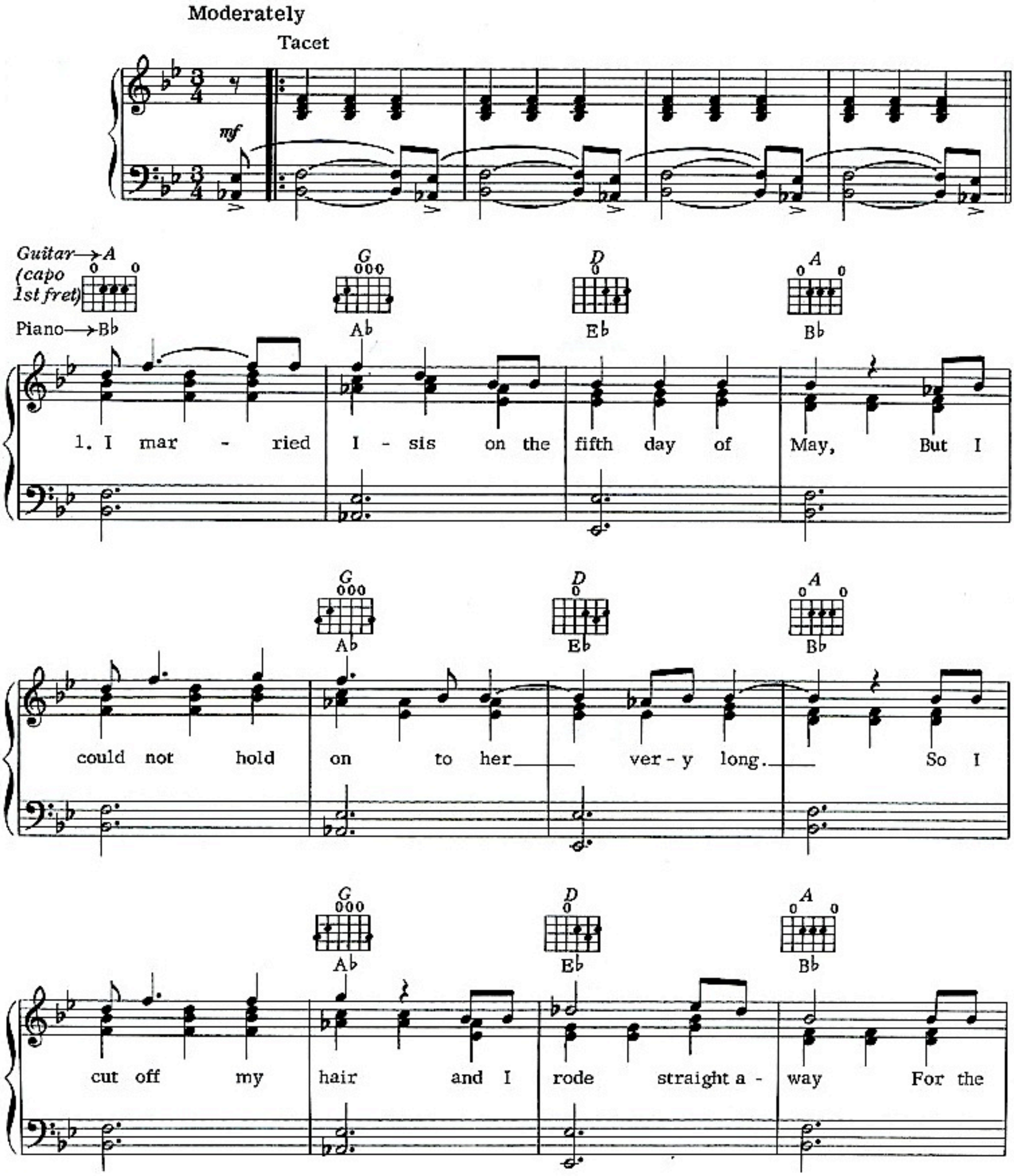

E
Am
5 fr.
pil - low where you lie
how to throw the blade
books up - on your shelf And your
But I don't sense af - fec - tion
He o - ver-sees his king - dom
pleas-ure knows no lim - its Your
G
3 fr.
F
No grat - i - tude or love
So no stran-ger does in-trude
voice is like a mead-ow-lark
Your loy - al - ty is not to me But
His voice it trem - bles as he calls out for An-
But your heart is like an o - cean Mys -
E
F
to the stars a - bove.
oth - er plate of food.
te - ri - ous and dark.
One more cup of cof-fee for the road
E
F
One more cup of cof - fee 'fore I go

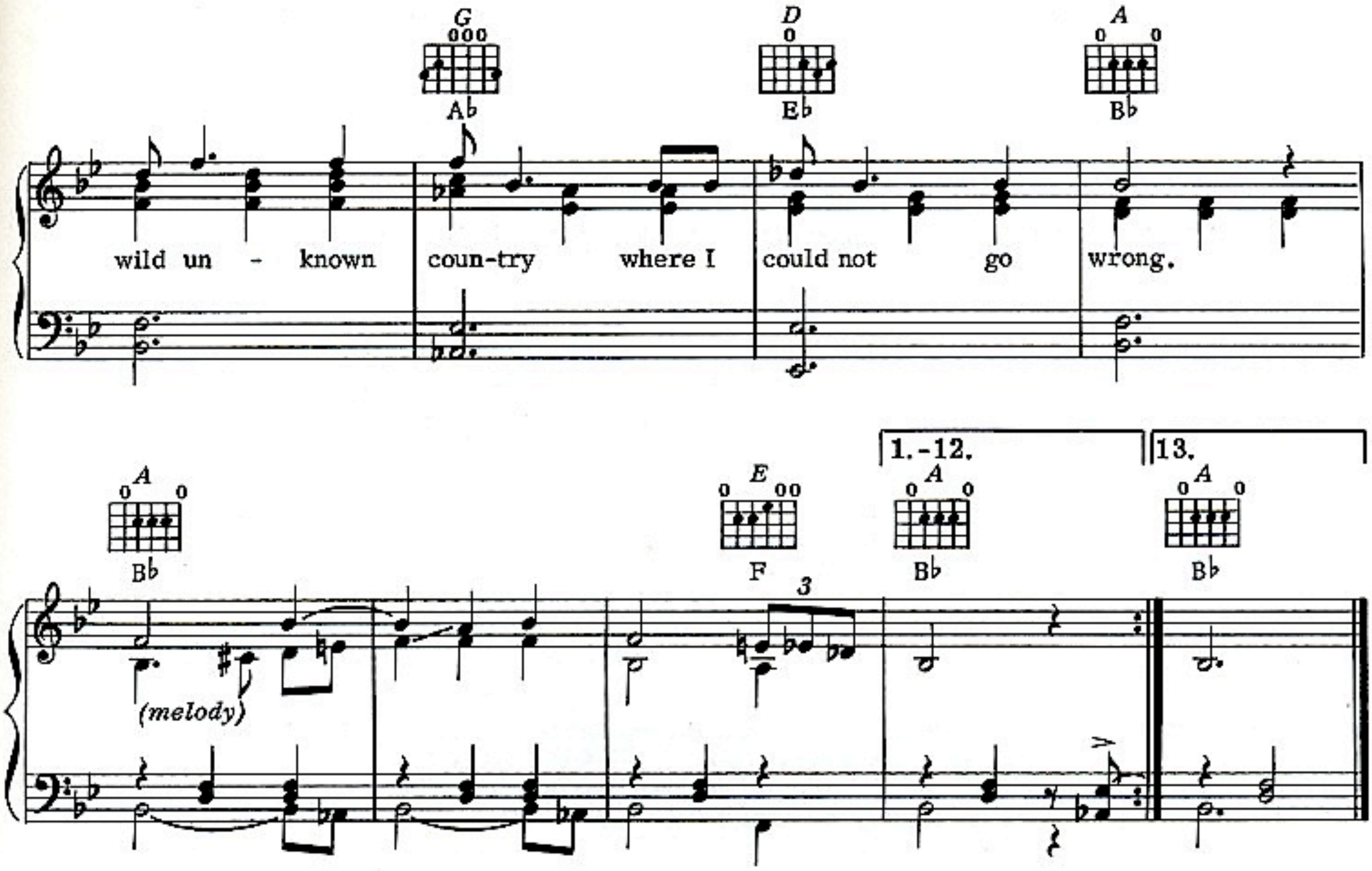

E
Tacet
Am
5 fr.
To the val - ley be - low.
G
3 fr.
F
1. 2.
E
Your
Your
3.
E
Am
5 fr.
G
3 fr.
F
E
Am
5 fr.

ISIS

Words by BOB DYLAN and JACQUES LEVY

Music by BOB DYLAN





2. I came to a high place of darkness and light.
The dividing line ran through the center of town.
I hitched up my pony to a post on the right,
Went into a laundry to wash my clothes down.

3. A man in the corner approached me for a match.
I knew right away he was not ordinary.
He said, "Are you lookin' for somethin' easy to catch?"
I said, "I got no money." He said, "That ain't necessary."

4. We set out that night for the cold in the North.
I gave him my blanket, he gave me his word.
I said, "Where are we goin'?" He said we'd be back by the fourth.
I said, "That's the best news that I've ever heard."

5. I was thinkin' about turquoise, I was thinkin' about gold,
I was thinkin' about diamonds and the world's biggest necklace.
As we rode through the canyons, through the devilish cold,
I was thinkin' about Isis, how she thought I was so reckless.

6. How she told me that one day we would meet up again,
And things would be different the next time we wed,
If I only could hang on and just be her friend.
I still can't remember all the best things she said.

7. We came to the pyramids all embedded in ice.
He said, "There's a body I'm tryin' to find,
If I carry it out it'll bring a good price."
'Twas then that I knew what he had on his mind.

8. The wind it was howlin' and the snow was outrageous.
We chopped through the night and we chopped through the dawn.
When he died I was hopin' that it wasn't contagious,
But I made up my mind that I had to go on.

9. I broke into the tomb, but the casket was empty.
There was no jewels, no nothin', I felt I'd been had.
When I saw that my partner was just bein' friendly,
When I took up his offer I must-a been mad.

10. I picked up his body and I dragged him inside,
Threw him down in the hole and I put back the cover.
I said a quick prayer and I felt satisfied.
Then I rode back to find Isis just to tell her I love her.

11. She was there in the meadow where the creek used to rise.
Blinded by sleep and in need of a bed,
I came in from the East with the sun in my eyes.
I cursed her one time then I rode on ahead.

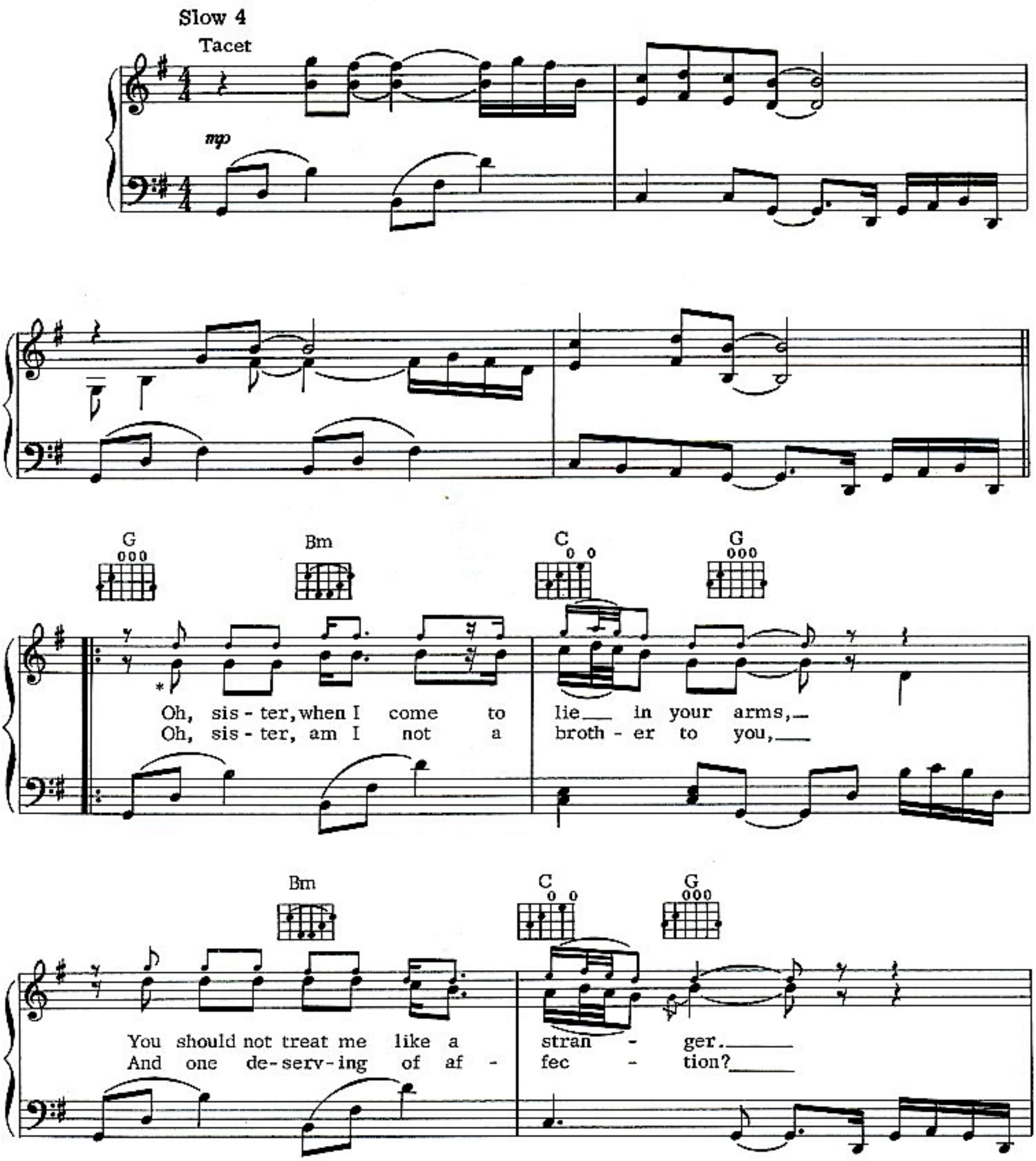
12. She said, "Where ya been?" I said, "No place special."
She said, "You look different." I said, "Well, I guess."
She said, "You been gone." I said, "That's only natural."
She said, "You gonna stay?" I said, "If ya want me to, yes."

13. Isis, oh, Isis, you mystical child.
What drives me to you is what drives me insane.
I still can remember the way that you smiled
On the fifth day of May in the drizzlin' rain.

OH, SISTER

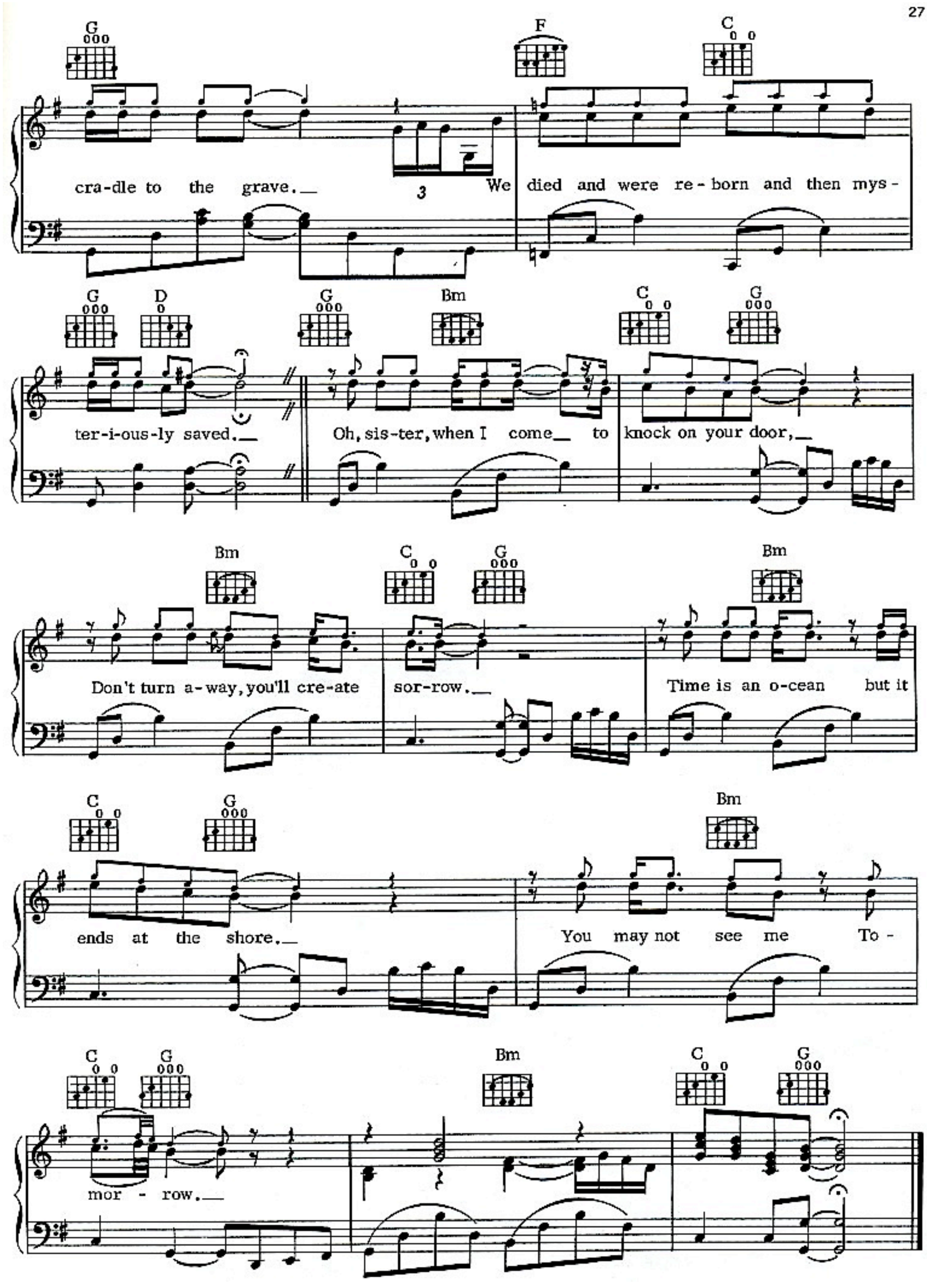
Words by BOB DYLAN and JACQUES LEVY

Music by BOB DYLAN



* Lower notes are melody throughout.


Bm
C
G
Our Fa- ther would not like the way that you act,
And is our pur- pose not the same on this earth?
Bm
C
G
Bm
And you must re- al - ize the dan - ger.
To love and fol - low His di- rec - tion.
C
G
Bm
C
G
G
Bm
C
G
Bm
1. C
G
2. C
G
F
C
We grew up to- geth- er from the

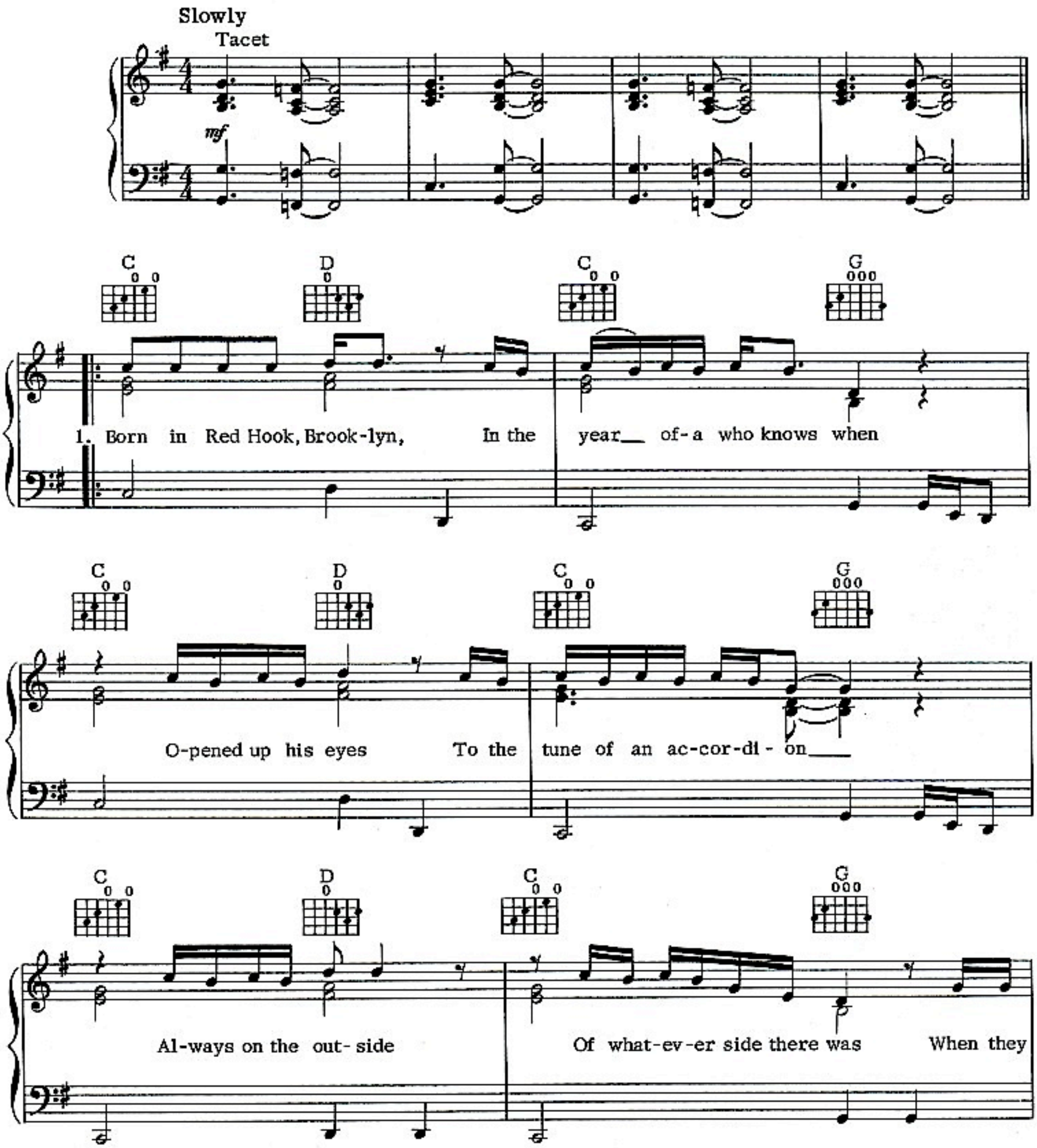

G
F
C
cra-dle to the grave.__
3
We died and were re-born and then mys-
G
D
G
Bm
C
G
ter-i-ous-ly saved.__
Oh, sis-ter, when I come__ to knock on your door,__
Bm
C
G
Bm
Don't turn a-way, you'll cre-ate sor-row.__
Time is an o-cean but it
C
G
Bm
ends at the shore.__
You may not see me To-
C
G
Bm
C
G
mor - row.__



JOEY

Words by BOB DYLAN and JACQUES LEVY

Music by BOB DYLAN




C D C C/B Am
asked him why it had to be that way Well, he an-swered, "Just be-cause."
C D C G
Lar-ry was the old-est Jo-ey was next to last
C D C G
They called Joe "Cra-zy" The ba-by they called "Kid Blast"
C D C G
Some say they lived off gam-bling And run-nin' num-bers too It
Em G/D C Am
al-ways seemed they got caught be-tween The mob and the men in blue


G C Am G Em
Jo - ey, Jo - ey, King of the streets,
C Am G C Am
child of clay Jo - ey, Jo - ey,
1.-4.
G F C G
What made them want to come and blow you a - way?
5.
G F C G
What made them want to come and blow you a - way?

2. There was talk they killed their rivals
But the truth was far from that
No one ever knew for sure
Where they were really at
When they tried to strangle Larry
Joey almost hit the roof
He went out that night to seek revenge
Thinkin' he was bullet-proof

The war broke out at the break of dawn
It emptied out the streets
Joey and his brothers
Suffered terrible defeats
Till they ventured out behind the lines
And took five prisoners
They stashed them away in a basement
Called them amateurs

The hostages were tremblin'
When they heard a man exclaim
"Let's blow this place to Kingdom Come
Let Con Edison take the blame"
But Joey stepped up, he raised his hand
Said, "We're not those kind of men
It's peace and quiet that we need
To go back to work again"

Joey, Joey
King of the streets, child of clay
Joey, Joey
What made them want to come and blow you away?

3. The police department hounded him
They called him Mr. Smith
They got him on conspiracy
They were never sure who with
"What time is it?" said the judge
To Joey when they met
"Five to ten," said Joey
The judge says, "That's exactly what you get"

He did ten years in Attica
Reading Nietzsche and Wilhelm Reich
They threw him in the hole one time
For tryin' to stop a strike
His closest friends were black men
'Cause they seemed to understand
What it's like to be in society
With a shackle on your hand

When they let him out in '71
He'd lost a little weight
But he dressed like Jimmy Cagney
And I swear he did look great
He tried to find the way back in
To the life he left behind
To the boss he said, "I have returned
And now I want what's mine"

Joey, Joey
King of the streets, child of clay
Joey, Joey
Why did they have to come and blow you away?

4. It was true that in his later years
He would not carry a gun
"I'm around too many children," he'd say
"They should never know of one"
Yet he walked right into the clubhouse
Of his life-long deadly foe
Emptied out the register
Said, "Tell 'em it was Crazy Joe"

One day they blew him down
In a clam bar in New York
He could see it comin' through the door
As he lifted up his fork
He pushed the table over
To protect his family
Then he staggered out into the streets
Of Little Italy

Joey, Joey
King of the streets, child of clay
Joey, Joey
What made them want to come and blow you away?

5. Sister Jacqueline and Carmela
And Mother Mary all did weep
I heard his best friend Frankie say
"He ain't dead, he's just asleep"
Then I saw the old man's limousine
Head back towards the grave
I guess he had to say one last goodbye
To the son that he could not save

The sun turned cold over President Street
And the town of Brooklyn mourned
They said a mass in the old church
Near the house where he was born
And someday if God's in heaven
Overlookin' his preserve
I know the men that shot him down
Will get what they deserve

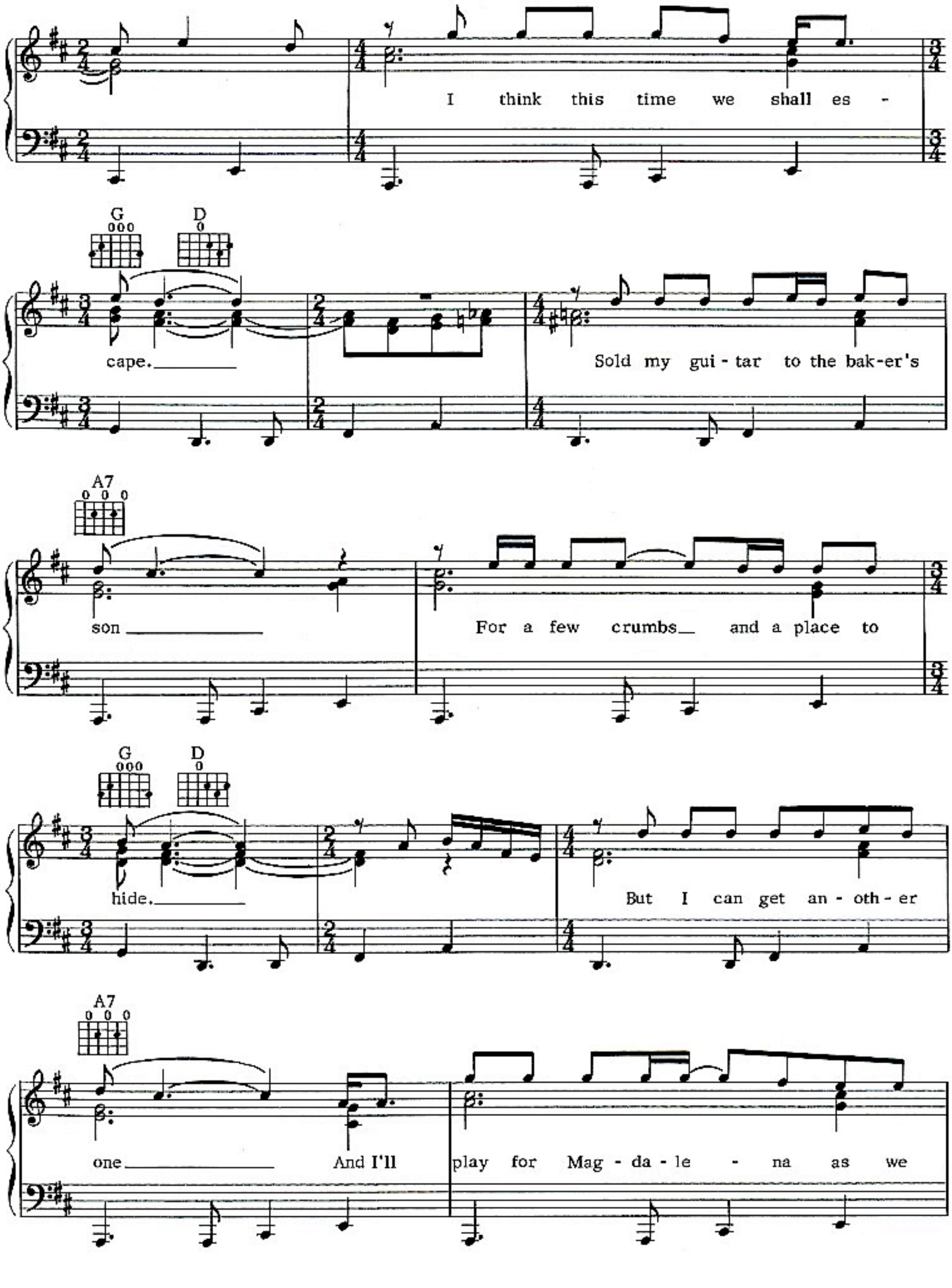
Joey, Joey
King of the streets, child of clay
Joey, Joey
What made them want to come and blow you away?

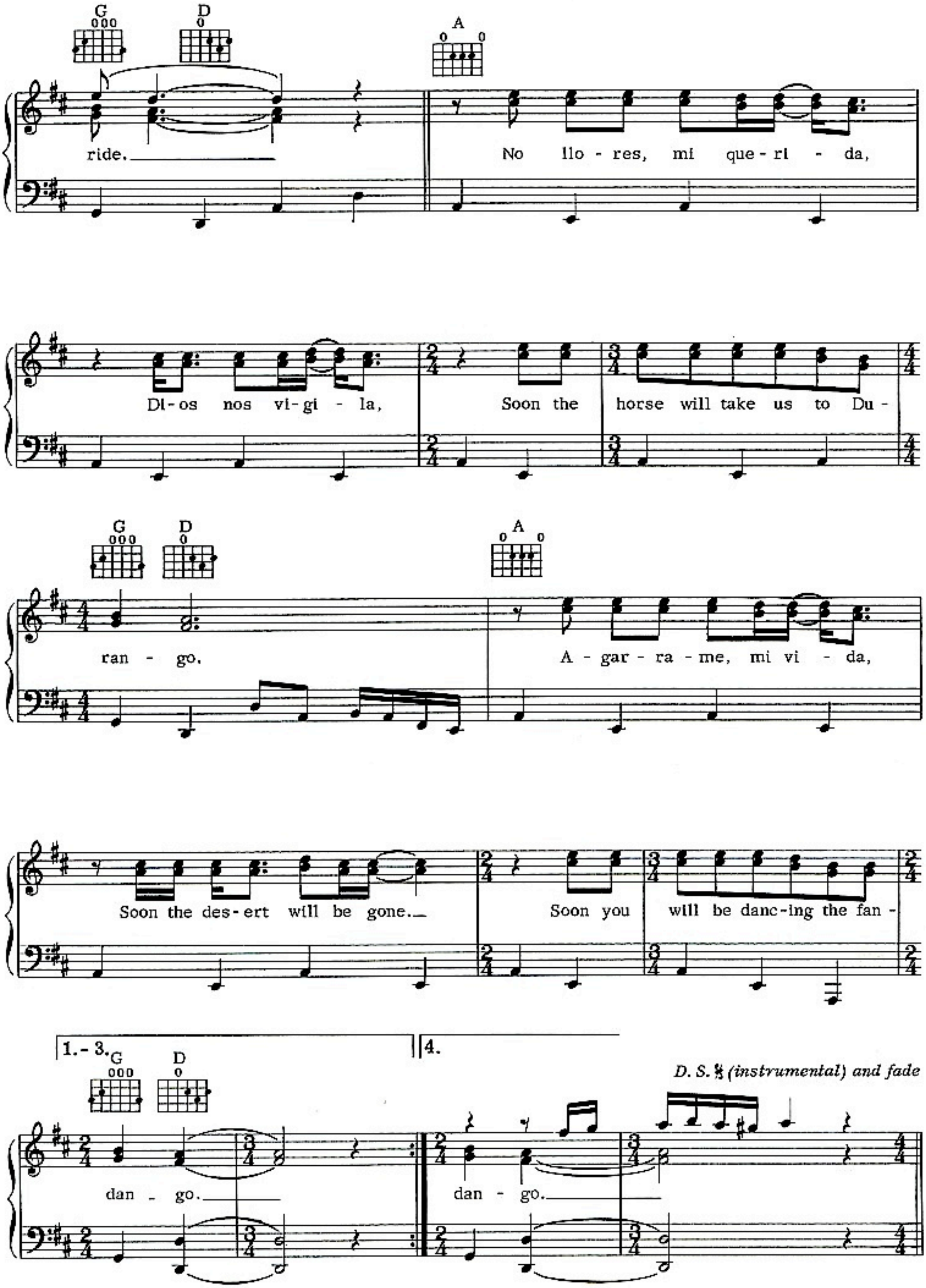
ROMANCE IN DURANGO

Words by BOB DYLAN and JACQUES LEVY

Music by BOB DYLAN




I think this time we shall es -
cape.
G
D
Sold my gui - tar to the bak - er's
A7
son
For a few crumbs and a place to
G
D
hide.
But I can get an - oth - er
A7
one
And I'll
play for Mag - da - le - na as we


G D A
ride.
No llo - res, mi que - ri - da,
Di - os nos vi - gi - la,
Soon the horse will take us to Du -
G D A
ran - go,
A - gar - ra - me, mi vi - da,
Soon the des - ert will be gone.
Soon you will be danc - ing the fan -
1.- 3. G D
4.
D. S. 𝄋 (instrumental) and fade
dan - go.
dan - go.

2. Past the Aztec ruins and the ghosts of our people.
Hoofbeats like castanets on stone.
At night I dream of bells in the village steeple,
Then I see the bloody face of Ramon.

Was it me that shot him down in the cantina?
Was it my hand that held the gun?
Come, let us fly, my Magdalena,
The dogs are barking and what's done is done.

No llores, mi querida,
Dios nos vigila,
Soon the horse will take us to Durango.
Agarrame, mi vida,
Soon the desert will be gone.
Soon you will be dancing the fandango.

3. At the corrida we'll sit in the shade
And watch the young torero stand alone.
We'll drink tequila where our grandfathers stayed
When they rode with Villa into Toreon.

Then the padre will recite the prayers of old
In the little church this side of town.
I will wear new boots and an earring of gold.
You'll shine with diamonds in your wedding gown.

The way is long but the end is near.
Already the fiesta has begun.
The face of God will appear
With His serpent eyes of obsidian.

No llores, mi querida,
Dios nos vigila,
Soon the horse will take us to Durango.
Agarrame, mi vida,
Soon the desert will be gone.
Soon you will be dancing the fandango.

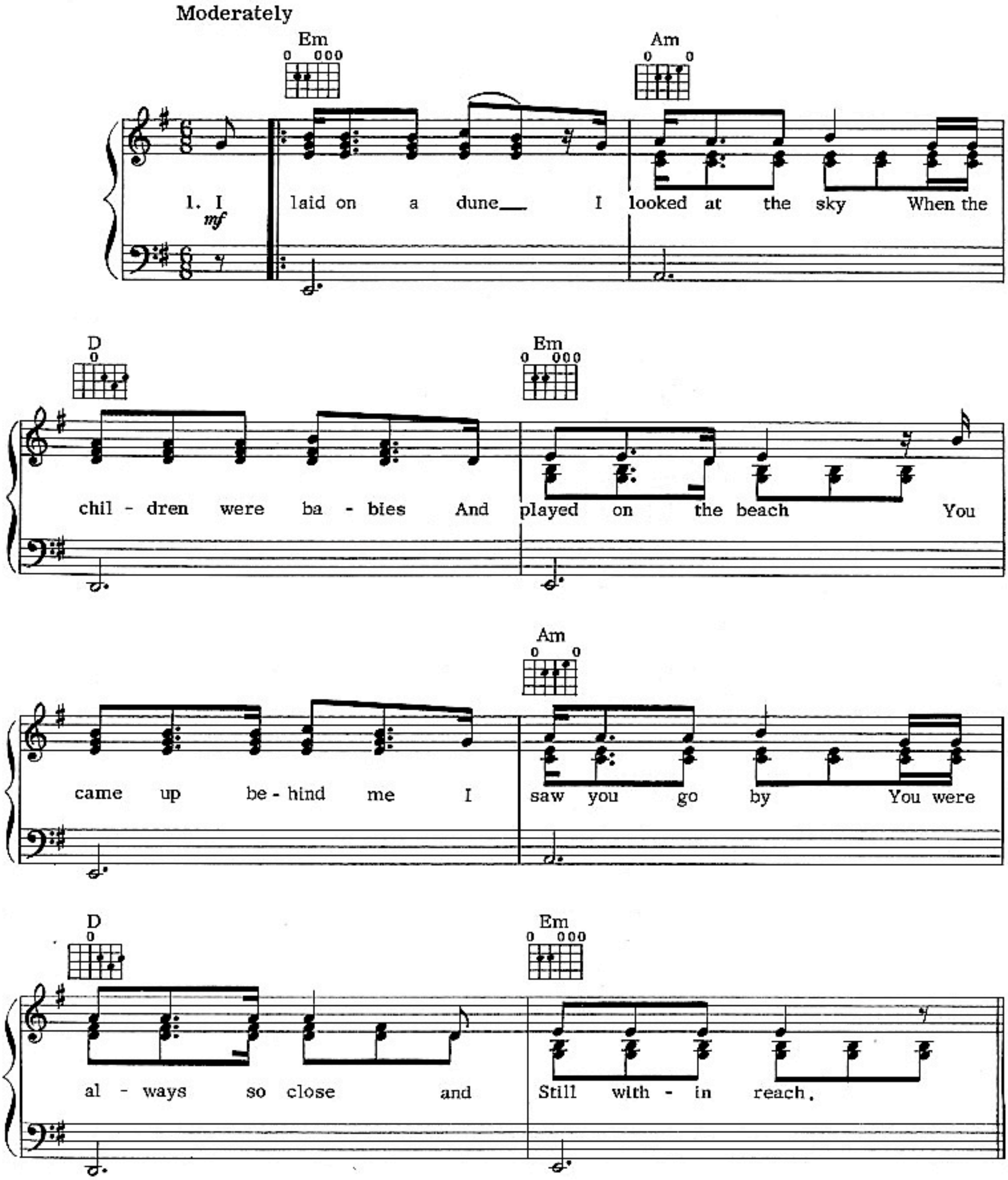
4. Was that the thunder that I heard?
My head is vibrating, I feel a sharp pain.
Come sit by me, don't say a word.
Oh, can it be that I am slain!

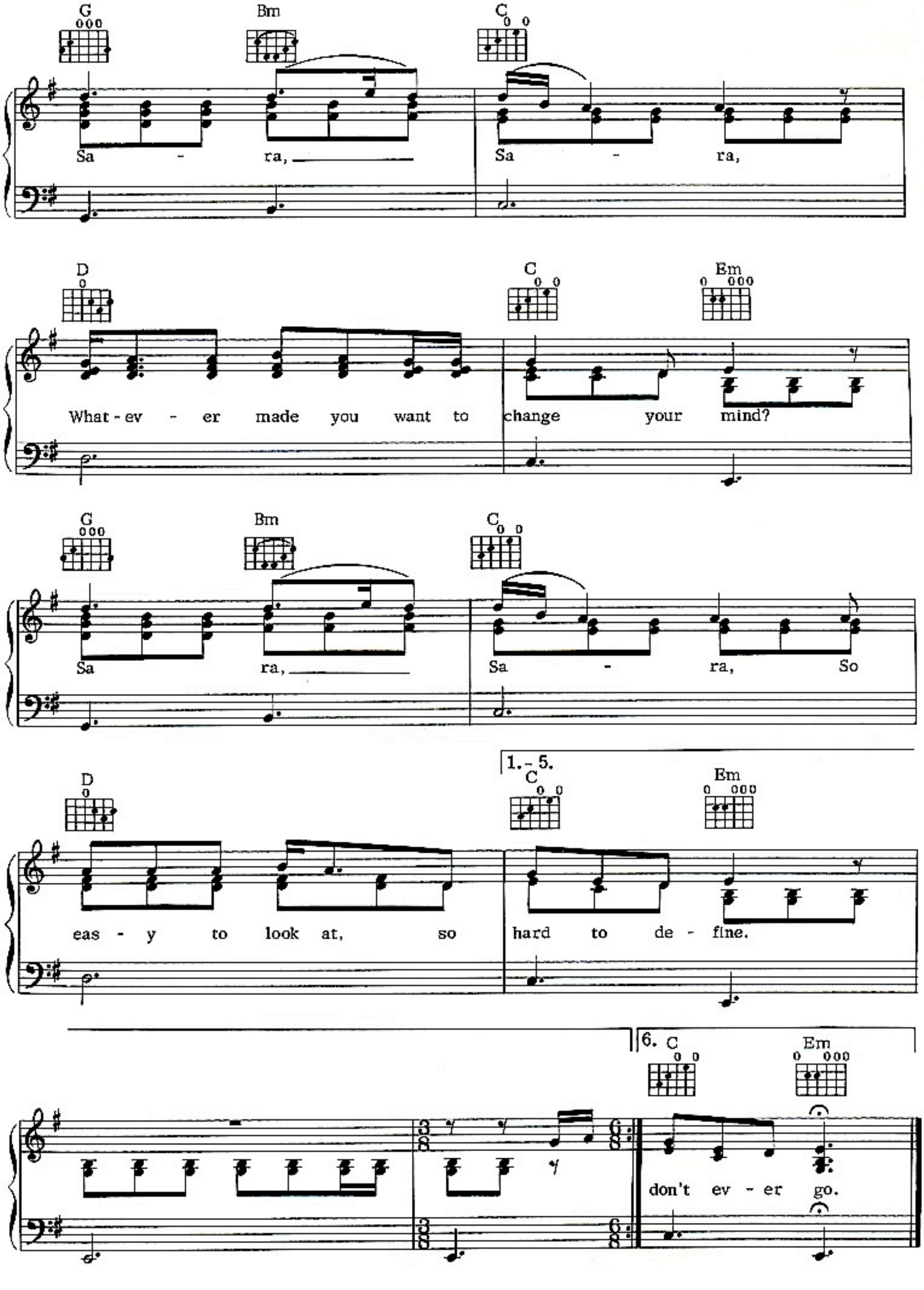
Quick, Magdalena, take my gun.
Look, up in the hills, that flash of light!
Aim well, my little one,
We may not make it through the night.

No llores, mi querida,
Dios nos vigila,
Soon the horse will take us to Durango.
Agarrame, mi vida,
Soon the desert will be gone.
Soon you will be dancing the fandango.

SARA

Words and Music by BOB DYLAN




G
Bm
C
Sa - ra,
Sa - ra,
D
C
Em
What - ev - er made you want to change your mind?
G
Bm
C
Sa ra,
Sa - ra, So
D
1. - 5.
C
Em
eas - y to look at, so hard to de - fine.
6.
C
Em
don't ev - er go.

2. I can still see them playin'
With their pails in the sand
They run to the water
Their buckets to fill
I can still see the shells
Fallin' out of their hands
As they follow each other
Back up the hill

Sara, Sara
Sweet virgin angel, sweet love of my life
Sara, Sara
Radiant jewel, mystical wife

3. Sleepin' in the woods
By a fire in the night
Drinkin' white rum
In a Portugal bar
Them playin' leap-frog
And hearin' about Snow White
You in the market place
In Savanna-la-Mar

Sara, Sara
It's all so clear, I could never forget
Sara, Sara
Lovin' you is the one thing I'll never regret

4. I can still hear the sounds
Of those Methodist bells
I'd taken the cure
And had just gotten through
Stayin' up for days
In the Chelsea Hotel
Writin' "Sad-Eyed Lady
Of the Lowlands" for you

Sara, Sara
Wherever we travel we're never apart
Sara, oh Sara
Beautiful lady, so dear to my heart

5. How did I meet you
I don't know
A messenger sent me
In a tropical storm
You were there in the winter
Moonlight on the snow
And on Lily Pond Lane
When the weather was warm

Sara, oh Sara
Scorpio Sphinx in a calico dress
Sara, Sara
You must forgive me my unworthiness

6. Now the beach is deserted
Except for some kelp
And a piece of an old ship
That lies on the shore
You always responded
When I needed your help
You gimme a map
And a key to your door

Sara, oh Sara
Glamorous nymph with an arrow and bow
Sara, oh Sara
Don't ever leave me, don't ever go



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